

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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**WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.**

What constitutes a State?  
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud with spires and towers crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled coasts,  
Where low-browed baseness waits perfume to pride.

No: Men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endowed  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excell cold rocks and brambles rude;  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a State;  
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;  
Smit by her sacred frown,  
The fiend Discretion like a vapor sinks,  
And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!  
No more shall Freedom smile;  
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?  
Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,  
This folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

—Sir William Jones, (1746-1794.)

For The Pocahontas Times

## The Treasure Trove.

XXII.

FROM the waters of Wild Goose Creek a road was blazed out over Laurel Mountain to the headwaters of Laurel River. During the War a refugee from Virginia whose nerves were shattered by the tales of horror of the battle-field, came to the mountains to keep out of the army. He had squatted on some lands on Laurel River and lived there for several years. He had some cattle and had opened up several acres and the bluegrass had sprung up. It was about ten miles from the nearest habitation of man, which was on Wild Goose Creek. It was known as the Harrison Place, from the man who had cleared it out. It belonged to Judson and he had sent his negro hired man, Robert Freeman, to range a lot of young cattle on the place. It was in the heart of an immense wilderness. In those forests the deer had their abiding place; the panther sped noiselessly on the quest of prey; and the Tug and sang digger moved under the branches as silently as any of the other denizens of the forest.

Old Man Callahan gave Weston very precise directions to find the blazed path, and he succeeded in doing so for the herd of cattle had marked the trail plainly enough. He had no trouble following the right direction up the incline of more than a mile, but having arrived at the top of the mountain he found that the cattle had scattered and very soon he was at a loss as to how he should proceed. The track he had followed had faded away, and he made up his mind to go back to the place where he had reached the top of the mountain, and in case he did not find a plain trail to turn back. The wilderness of his surroundings impressed him with an uncomfortable feeling of awe. He had not searched for the trail very long before he realized that he was lost. Remembering a like experience he made only one desperate effort in what he supposed was the proper direction, and after a half hour searching for the brow of the mountain he sat down to rest and plan. He had nothing to eat with him. It was supposed to be ten miles from the Creek to the Harrison Place, and he thought that he could walk that. Now it was nearly the middle of the day and he had no idea where he was. He had worked so long to get back to the place the trail topped the mountain that it might possibly be miles away.

Having nothing else to guide him he took to the first stream he came to and followed it. At first it was a tiny stream with little pools big enough for a man to bathe his hands in, but as he walked it grew to be a noisy, tumbling down the mountain side until it flowed with a grand flourish into a stream of considerable size.

But still it cheered him.

He soon got discouraged in his hunt for the body of his deer and returned to the creek to get his fishing-rod and knapsack which he had not abandoned. In passing near the place where the deer was crossing when he shot he observed a twig hanging from the limb of a beech, and looking closely at it could only conclude that it was cut by his bullet and that he had shot ten feet above the deer.

Weston was grieved but he was hungry. He was experiencing such hunger as only one man of a thousand ever knows. He resorted to his fishing-rod, putting it together and using a trout fly made of gay and gaudy feathers, he caught trout at the rate of one a minute until he had twenty or so. At least he was not to starve. He had heard of the princess who declared she would eat bread and cheese before she would starve, and Weston declared he would eat raw fish. He felt that he could eat a bite right then. He thought of a time he had left a dinner untasted at a banquet the winter before. What an idiot he was! How he wished he had let Callahan help him three times to venison the morning before. But he prepared a large trout by peeling the skin off and he tried to eat some but he could not. He was only healthfully hungry so far.

He had heard of Indians rubbing two sticks together and making a fire, and he sat and rubbed two likely looking sticks for an hour and threw them away in strong disgust.

But a happy thought struck him. He removed the crystal from the face of his watch and holding it steadily in the rays of the sun gathered them at one point and soon he had a fire eating up the dry twigs with which he supplied it. He broiled a big trout at the end of a stick and tasted it. It was good, but if he had salt he would have a most desirable breakfast. An egg without salt does not lack it as does a fish. He remembered the salt at the deer lick, went back and got it and sat broiling fish and eating them until he had become perfectly well satisfied with his condition. Fire and food reassured him; he felt that he was in no special danger from his position. While he was musing, wondering whether he had better be walking, he was startled by hearing some one say: "Hello, down there!"

Nothing could have been more welcome an hour before, but now the sound of a man's voice coming unexpectedly was positively terrifying. The spirit of the wilderness had entered into him and he was ready to leap at an alarm like a deer. He steadied his nerves and responded in a friendly way, and out from behind a large stone stepped a Tug.

He came toward Weston with a conciliating smile.

"Thought I'd speak, stranger, as I was passin'. I do n't keer what you're in the woods fer, jest so you dont tell me."

"I've simply lost my way. I did not come in here to hide," explained Weston.

The Tug smiled knowingly, but it was evident that he had a very well defined idea that Weston was a fugitive from justice, and Mr. Tug did not want to be *particeps criminis*.

(To be Continued.)

## CUBA IN HISTORY.

Has it ever occurred to the reader that, as it appears on the map, the contour of Cuba bears resemblance to a Greenbrier alligator, which is one of the most unique creatures in natural history. Santiago is the principal city in the head, while Havana lies in a different direction, and is much nearer the United States.

Looking over the wall map of the world, Cuba seems scarcely an appreciable feature, and yet how strange it fills the eye and thought of the world more than all the rest put together just now, and did so once before. Its history opens with that most memorable of occurrences in the history of the Western Continent, September 25, 1492. That morning's "outgoing was made glad" by the sentinel calling from his lofty outlook "Land!" and then it was found that one of the beautiful American islands was near. A wonderful dream now materialized, a scientific theory that seemed inconsistent with Bible teachings misconstrued was verified, and mysterious questions about terrestrial extent was about to be cleared up, now.

From September 25 to October 12, what Columbus was thinking about must be left to the reader's imagination. October 12 he went ashore, and, with his devout heart thrilled with joy and thanks giving, he bowed in prayer to God, and, being a devout believer in the divine right of kings to the earth and the fullness thereof, he declared possession in the name of the sovereigns of Spain. He soon found that he had landed on an island, to which he gave the name San Salvador, which the British afterward called Cat Island in their coarse humor.

Columbus spent some time in a search for the mainland which he believed to be near. In his search he sailed among many islands and thus he writes: "I know not where to go first nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing upon the beautiful verdure. The song of the birds is so sweet that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence. There are flocks of parrots that obscure the sun and other birds of many kinds, large and small. There are majestic trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit and of marvelous flavor."

It is interesting to notice what an influence a mere fiction may sometimes exert on the destinies of nations. By his amazing talent for drawing upon his imagination for something to write books of travel, Marco Polo has fascinated all European nations with glowing accounts of the Great Khan's dominions, so rich with spices, gold and precious things. This land was located beyond India to the far East, but as a matter of fact never had an existence except in the brain of the imaginative writer.

Columbus was familiar with Marco Polo's travels, and when he learned from the natives that there was a great and rich land toward the south, he seems to have been of the opinion that this was the wonderful land of Khan and sailed in that direction. October 28, 1492, he touched his shores, and he appears to have been impressed more than ever, for he exclaimed, "This is the most beautiful land ever beheld by human eyes" as he stepped on the Cuban shore.

Columbus lived believing that he had found the mainland and died without knowing any better. The lofty mountains rising to the altitude of six or seven thousand feet, the clear rivers, the excellent natural harbors and the charming surroundings deeply impressed him. After landing and visiting many of the villages he gave much of the coast a careful examination. Wherever he went he found a gentle and contented people, living on the spontaneous products of a fertile soil, believing in the immortality of the soul and worshipping one all pervading and beneficent spirit. They knew nothing about war, living and dreaming the years away without taking any note of passing centuries.

Such were the beautiful and peaceful auspices that opened up the discovery of America.

Pretty much all that Columbus had to write about in the history of his discoveries pertained to Cuba. His three voyages seemed to begin and end with Cuba, hence what a wonderful part Cuba has had in the history of nations the past four hundred years, and what a stupendous part she may yet have in the destinies of nations is more than a Marco Polo or a Columbus can possibly forecast.

Nothing short of an archeological society will be able to locate Mason and Dixon's line after this. —Detroit News-Tribune.

Hobson is everybody's choice. —Milwaukee Journal.

## Biographic Notes.

**The Drinnon Family.—Famous in Pioneer History.**

W. T. P.

Among the pioneer settlers of the Edray district the Drinnons are believed to have been among the very first. From what the venerable James McCollam, a grandson of Lawrence Drinnon, remembers there were three brothers: Charles, Lawrence and Thomas. It is more than probable they came here about the time John McNeel and the Kinnison brothers had made their settlement in the Levells, for they were from the same county and neighborhood.

Lawrence Drinnon settled on the Greenbrier above the mouth of Stony Creek, on land now occupied by the family of the late George Gibson and Col. Levi Gay. His wife was a member of the Day family, referred to in the Kinnison Sketches, but her name is not remembered. Their children, who were being taught by James Baker at the time of his death by the Indian warrior, were James, Charles, John, Susan and Sally.

Susan married John Boggs and lived for years in the Meadows of Greenbrier. Mr. Boggs was engaged a long while with Charles McCollam, a noted Greenbrier grazer and stock dealer, and prospered in business. From Greenbrier he went to Putnam County, entered 16,000 acres of land and founded the notable Boggs settlement by situating his sons and daughters around him.

Sally Drinnon became Mrs. William McCollam and lived on Buck's Mountain, overlooking Edray. Particulars of her family were given in the McCollam paper.

John Drinnon married his cousin Elizabeth, of Thomas Drinnon the Edray pioneer, and opened up the property lately owned by Thomas Aldridge, Sr. Traces of the building yet discernible in the meadow, two or three hundred yards from William McCollam's residence, in the direction of W. C. Mann's residence. The spot ought to be marked with something durable. His sons were Thomas, Lawrence, James and John.

Thomas Drinnon, of John, of Lawrence, married Rebecca Grimes of Arthur, of Felix, the Pioneer of The Hills, and lived in Huntersville, keeping jail and shoemaking. Finally he went to Harrison County. Two of his sons were with the Union Cavalry engaged in the battle of Droop Mountain.

Lawrence married Bettie Ratcliffe and moved to Roane County. James Drinnon went to Nicholas County.

John Drinnon went to Clay County and was a prominent teacher of schools in that and Nicholas Counties.

John Drinnon, of Lawrence, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and was in camp near Norfolk. One damp day he was out on dress parade, rather too early after an attack of the measles, took a relapse and died soon after.

At that time the late William Gay, Senior, was a youth living at Josiah Brown's. He had been to mill on Knapp's Creek and was returning home after sundown, and it was getting dusk as he came near the place where the gate opens leading to Thomas Aldridge's present residence. The way to Brown's went up the crest of the ridge on the side of which are the traces of the Drinnon residence, already referred to. The horse suddenly stopped and the mill-boy looked to see what it was, and there in the fence corner he saw John Drinnon, wrapped in a blanket, and seemed to be taking his rest. But before he could speak to him the horse started off at head long speed and he could not check him up before reaching Brown's.

He told the family he had seen John Drinnon on his way home, and now they could hear news from the war. Upon going to Drinnon's however, it was found that he had not come in, and when they looked for him he could not be found.

The whole matter remained a mystery until David Cochran and John E. Figgens returned bringing the news of Drinnon's death. Upon comparing the time of his decease with the time Gay saw the apparition at the side of the road, there was a striking coincidence.

Thomas Drinnon, a brother of Lawrence, the pioneer, settled at Edray. After him Drinnon's Ridge is named, and so he has monument as enduring as the "everlasting hills". He made the first opening where the village Edray now stands and owned much of the land that comprise the neat and attractive farm homes that present such a charming scene when viewed from the "big turn," on the mountain road, whence is unfolded some of the most picturesque mountain scenery in our county. The breaking up of his home and the dispersion of his family make the of the most pathetic episodes in our pioneer annals. The names of his sons were Jacob, William and James.

Jacob Drinnon married Elizabeth, daughter of John Smith, on Stony Creek, and settled in Nicholas County.

William Drinnon lived in Nicholas County.

James Drinnon settled in Muskingum County, Ohio. He seems to have been deeply interested in legends concerning silver on Elk Mountain, at a locality called Hickory Ridge. It is believed he returned from Ohio and spent quite a while in efforts to identify the place, but was not able to make the find he was after.

Charles Drinnon, believed to have been a younger brother of Thomas and Lawrence, was in Indian captivity for several years. When redeemed and brought home he frequently complained of it, as if he was sorry to leave his captors so attached he seemed to have become to Indian usages, manners and customs. It is hinted too that there might have been an attractive young squaw in the question, a daughter of some tribal chief, but we will leave this for what it may be worth as a romantic conjecture. At any rate he seemed sick about something and he always had a good word for the Indian friends of his youth.

One of the nice and pleasant things about Indian habits in his opinion, was that his old friends made their fires, took the good of them and were never in hurry about their business of any kind. His name is perpetuated by a field now owned by Anderson Barlow. The legend is that this field was cleared by Charles Drinnon and is probably the first opening on Hazel Ridge and is now designated as the "Charley Field."

The Rundschan, Berlin, relates some interesting details regarding the war indemnity paid by France to Germany. France, it will be remembered, had to pay \$1,000,000,000. At one time the Minister of Finance, Poyer-Quertier, was forced to stop payment, not because there was no money, but because of a dearth of linen bags. Germany furnished the bags. H. v. Posahinger remarks in his memoirs that France exhibited at that time the most scrupulous integrity. The bags were received by the Germans without scrutiny, but not a centime was wanted when the money was counted. The only mistake made by the French officials was when they included in a package of bank notes a bogus 100 thaler bill (Prussian). It looked all right, but it had been made by a Parisian engraver, who substituted for the usual warning against counterfeiting the following legend in German: "Whoever hands over to the French Government William or Bismark will be paid 10,000,000 francs." The bill was purchased at its face value by a collector of curios.

According to a Berlin paper, conscription has much lowered the standard of height among the soldiers of the world. In the German it is now only 1.54 meters (60.63 inches), excepting the imperial guards. The latter, comprising in themselves an army of 180,000 on a war footing, are 1.70 meters (68.93 inches), and above. In the British army the height is 1.65 meters (64.96 inches), which shows the tall growth of the average Englishman. Frenchmen standards are taken at 1.54, same as in Austria. The minimum is 1.54, in the States it is 1.519 meters (60 inches.)